

Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

THAT MAN A DREAMER?

That man a dreamer? Nay, his soul has wings. Which lift him from the realm of common things. To where he cleaves the limpid upper air—And poised on strong and tireless pinions there—Sweeps time and space with piercing, eagle glance. Cutting through clouds of earth-bound circumstance.

What cares this man for earthly joys or gold? Before his eyes eternal things unfold; He sees the motives deeply marked in man. And that which links him unto some great plan. Which he, short-sighted fool, with banded eyes, Hears of with dim incredulous surprise.

He sees in lenses made of human tears The clear reflections of uncounted years. The rays of hope which through such prism pass. For him make pictures in a magic glass; Prophetic pictures, beautiful, sublime. Etched thus on crystal by the touch of time.

He sees the forms of mighty things to be. The time when all men shall be wise and free; The day when little evils, little hates, Fall from them as they pass the golden gates. And stretching out through spaces veiled and vast, The struggles of the present and the past.

That man a dreamer? No, his clear sight sees A million truths hid from the restless flesh Who grope upon the sin-stained crust of earth. And mock at midnight men of loftier birth.

They are the dreamers who half know, Half see What God reveals to thinkers such as he. He is God's priest and prophet, let him be. I. EDGAR JONES.

Jobson as a Pedestrian

"THE fellow that wrote this knows what a what-all right," remarked Mr. Jobson while reading his evening paper about a fortnight ago. "Says that walking long distances is the best exercise that has ever been framed up for human beings, and that good long walks beat this fooling around with dumb-bells and Indian clubs and weight pulling machines and horizontal bars and bag punching and ground and lofty tumbling and the rest of the idiotic, faddy schemes of that sort all hollow. Says that good long walks exercise every muscle of the body, and give the respiratory organs a show, and—er—reduce superfluous weight. Says that a man who takes a good ten-mile road walk at a stiff gait once a week even can get himself in as good shape as one of these bull-necked pugilists tramping in a gymnasium with ten or fifteen hangers-on rubbing him down and kneading him and rassing with him and all that sort of rot."

"Well," replied Mrs. Jobson, "I have always known that walking is the best possible ex—"

"Oh, you have, have you?" interrupted Mr. Jobson. "Well, it's a wonder you haven't practiced your belief. All the walking that I've ever known you to do has been to traipse from the cars to the bargain counters and back again. Why don't you just own up once in awhile, anyhow? Now, I am perfectly willing to confess that I don't do half or a quarter enough walking. I ride on the cars and I take a car during the day if I only have three or four squares to go. That's what's making me so puffy and wheezy. I'm going to do nothing but walk from this time on. I'll wager you a new bird cage, or a new piano, for that matter, that the street railroads of Washington'll not get another nickel of my money from now until the first of January, 1901."

"But," put in Mrs. Jobson, "there are often times when you are in a hurry, are there not, and—"

"There's no need for anybody who leads a systematic life to be in a hurry," interrupted Mr. Jobson, oratorically. "The trouble is that there's no more system about this establishment than there is around a tepee in a Zulu village. Now, there's no use in your trying to talk me out of this walking plan of mine. I am—"

"I'm sure I'm not trying to talk you out of it," interrupted Mrs. Jobson. "I would be delighted to have you walk more, and, in fact, I think it is one of the wisest plans you have formed for a long while. It would—"

"Oh, you think it wise, eh?" broke in Mr. Jobson. "All right. If you think it so wise, what's the matter with your doing some walking yourself? You're not used to a spry in figure, you used to be, you'll remember, and it wouldn't hurt you a little bit to accompany me on the long walks which I intend to take every morning before breakfast, from now on."

"Very well, I'm perfectly agreeable," replied Mrs. Jobson. She is really shuddered to think of long walks before breakfast, but she didn't purpose letting Mr. Jobson bluff her out on the proposition.

"Perfectly agreeable, are you?" said Mr. Jobson. "Sort of adding to your vocabulary, aren't you? Well, it is Saturday, isn't it? We'll just begin this walking business to-morrow morning, before breakfast. What do you say to a little stroll out to Chevy Chase circle and back before breakfast?"

"That ought to be simply delightful," answered Mrs. Jobson, looking quite complaisant. The trees are taking on their autumn verdure now, and—"

"Well, it's not autumn verdure, but exercise, that I'm going after," interrupted Mr. Jobson. "Dye think you can walk out to Chevy Chase circle and back without showing the signs of distress before you cover a third of the distance, and forcing me to abandon my walk in order to load you into a trolley car and fetch you back home?"

"Oh, I think so," answered Mrs. Jobson, smiling. "It'll take two or three hours, you know, and we won't have any breakfast until we get back," went on Mr. Jobson. "Dye suppose you can contrive to keep your appetite down for

that length of time, for the sake of improving your health?"

"Not a doubt of it," replied Mrs. Jobson, inwardly annoyed, nevertheless, over the prospect of being thus dragged into one of Mr. Jobson's plans.

"All right," said Mr. Jobson, with a great air of resolution. "You can just set the alarm clock for five o'clock to-morrow morning, and when we get up you can jog yourself out in clothes befitting a long walk—you don't have to wear a chiffon or foulard or cretonne for pedestrian purposes. I hope you understand—and I bet when we get back from Chevy Chase circle we'll feel like fighting cocks—always presuming, of course, that you don't lag in the rear of the procession after we've got about as far as the city limits, and then flop down in the middle of the road and moan to be taken home in a barouche."

"Oh, there'll be no danger of that," said Mrs. Jobson, smiling again. The alarm clock made a terrific noise in the Jobsons' bedroom at five o'clock on the following Sunday morning, but the disturbance didn't arouse Mr. Jobson. He slept peacefully on. Mrs. Jobson had to shake him awake.

"Huh? What's that?" sleepily inquired Mr. Jobson, half turning over. "More burglars? Oh, lemme lone. Want 't sleep?"

Mrs. Jobson had to shake him again, good and hard. "We're going to walk out to Chevy Chase circle and back, you know," she explained right in his ear.

Mr. Jobson sat up in bed and glared around the still dark room. "So we are," said he, sepulchrally. "Uh-huh. Remember now."

Then he fell back on his pillow and went to sleep again. Mrs. Jobson finally contrived to get him fully awake, however. He got up and donned an old suit of clothes. He was very grim and sulky, and looked as if he could easily leap up against a door frame or any old thing and slumber soundly. Mrs. Jobson bustled about and donned a rainy-day skirt.

Then she put a golf cap on Mr. Jobson's head and said, "Well, we're all ready, aren't we?"

"Uh-huh," growled Mr. Jobson, rubbing his eyes, and out they started. The streets were silent and forsaken, and there was yet but a tinge of red in the eastern sky. Mrs. Jobson stopped once briskly, and Mr. Jobson clomped along after her without saying anything.

"The morning air is so sweet and pure, isn't it?" inquired Mrs. Jobson.

"Uh-huh," replied Mr. Jobson, still looking half asleep. "Gress."

They followed the car tracks. After awhile Mr. Jobson's face assumed an expression of do-or-die determination, and he began to forge ahead at a great rate. Mrs. Jobson, however, had no difficulty in keeping alongside of him, which fact caused him to look at her out of the slants of his eyes.

By the time they had reached the iron ridge over Rock creek, Mr. Jobson was puffing and snorting and perspiring most amazingly, while Mrs. Jobson was going easily and looked trim and as cool as a seltzer lemonade.

Then Mr. Jobson began to slow up and to exhibit signs of leg weariness. A heavy scowl spread over his red face as he trudged on, and he mopped his dripping brow furiously. Mrs. Jobson didn't look at him, but tripped out ahead of him, humming sweetly as she walked. Mr. Jobson was plainly "all out to the last ounce," as the class A champion of your class—that is, all I've got to say!—Washington Star.

"Well!" inquired Mrs. Jobson, stopping to look behind.

Mr. Jobson made no reply whatsoever, but gazed up the track at a trolley car approaching from Chevy Chase.

"Are you going back?" asked Mrs. Jobson.

Mr. Jobson only stared at her. When the car drew up, however, he swung on board, and Mrs. Jobson followed him. Mr. Jobson didn't say a word until they got home. Then he glowered upon Mrs. Jobson and growled: "If you ever manage to dig me out of bed again at half-past three on a chilly morning and hike me off 15 miles on a country road before I've had anything to eat you'll just be the class A champion of your class—that is, all I've got to say!"—Washington Star.

Would Have to Borrow One. Some time ago a well-known barrister had under cross-examination a youth from the country who rejoiced in name of Sampson, whose replies were the causes of much laughter in the court.

"And so," questioned the barrister, "you wish the court to believe that you are a peacefully disposed and inoffensive kind of person?"

"Yes."

"And that you have no desire to follow the steps of your namesake, and smite the Philistines?"

"No, I've not," answered the youth, "and if I had the desire I ain't got the strength at present."

"Then you think you would be unable to cope successfully with a thousand enemies and utterly rout them with the jawbone of an ass?"

"Well," answered the ruffled Sampson, "I might have a try when you have done with the weapon."—London Spare Moments.

A Good Rule. When men abuse you suspect yourself; when they praise you suspect them. —Chicago Daily News.

PITH AND POINT.

Experience is the pay a man gets for making a fool of himself.—Chicago Daily News.

"I'd rather have my way," we heard a man say lately, "than be president."—Acheson Globe.

It is the self-made man that often thinks he has a mission to make over everybody else.—Indianapolis News.

Easily Frightened.—"Why, what's the matter with the snake charmer?" "She saw a mouse."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

First Philadelphia.—"Here's an interesting book." Second Philadelphia.—"You can recommend it highly, can you?" First Philadelphia.—"Why, I sat up nearly all day reading it."—Town Topics.

"I can't imagine why Stutterton married Miss Strongmind." "Nor I. However, she's curing him of the stuttering habit." "You don't say so?" "Yes; she doesn't give him a chance to talk at all now."—Cassell's.

"Very well," shouted the irate subscriber, "we'll stop the paper." Accordingly, they did so; and, furthermore, they stopped the circulation of the editor's blood, leaving him in suspense upon a tree. For all this, gentle reader, occurred in the far west.—Philadelphia Record.

Her Reasoning.—"I told you I couldn't afford to buy myself a winter suit, and yet you go and buy an expensive bonnet. I should think you might be as unselfish as I." She—"But I think it was unselfish of me to let you have the credit of being the unselfish one."—Philadelphia Press.

Jester.—"That man 'Margin' is a shrewd one." Jimson—"Is he?" Jester—"Is he? Margin couldn't afford to keep his stenographer any longer, so he married her." Jimson—"Well?" Jester—"Well, now his wife's father supports them both and he doesn't have to pay his wife any salary."—Ohio State Journal.

IN VENGEFUL MOOD.

An Injured Woman Who Couldn't Find Punishment Severe Enough for Her Husband.

The woman stepped inside the station house door and stood looking around the room. It was a pleasant morning, the windows were open, admitting a refreshing breeze, and the trees in front of the building shed over the front of the building. The place seemed more like the comfortable office of a wayside inn than a city police station. The official behind the desk took off his cap and bowed, for the lady was not such as he was wont to receive there. She came over within conversational distance and bowed slightly to the official, says the Washington Star.

"This is the police station house, isn't it?" she inquired.

"Yes, madam," replied the officer. "This is where they bring prisoners when they are arrested, isn't it?"

"Yes, madam."

"Do you keep them here until you are through with them?"

"Indeed, may I see that?"

"Certainly, madam," and the polite official, having escorted his visitor through the heavy door into the cell room.

It was empty and still and clean, and the fresh air of the morning had got in and made it most attractive in its cool cleanliness. She looked around for a minute or more.

"Do you shut up prisoners in those iron cages?" she asked.

"Yes, madam."

"What do you feed them?"

"We don't feed them. We do not keep them here long enough for that."

"Where do they sleep?"

"On the benches you see in the cells."

"How do you punish them?"

"We don't punish them at all. That is not our part of the business."

She looked surprised.

"Don't you put them on them, or gag them, or dose them with their water and put them in straightjackets, or tie them up by the thumbs, or wrap them with a cat-and-nine-tails, or shut them in a dark room, or something like that?"

"Certainly not, madam," and it was the official's turn to be surprised. "This is all," she said, and started for the other room again. Once there, she stood by the desk again.

"I have a husband," she said, meditatively, rather than didactically. "who comes home about five nights a week drunk and disorderly, and I was thinking of having him arrested, as I have stood it about as long as I can."

NOT TO BE OVERLOOKED.

Candidates for the Presidency Who Have Been Neglected by the News Chroniclers.

GENE DEBS LED THEM ALL IN CHICAGO.

The prohibitionists have made gains, having polled a vote in the country approximating half a million—Nebraska definitely landed in the Republican column.

Chicago, Nov. 10.—Besides McKinley and Bryan there were five other men in the field with aspirations to the office of president of the United States.

In Chicago alone, Eugene V. Debs, as head of the social democratic ticket, led the other minor candidates by a total vote of 5,022. John G. Woolley, the prohibition candidate, followed second, with a vote of 3,335, while the socialist labor party, with Joseph F. Maloney, received 295; Wharton Barker, for the people's party, 189, and Seth H. Ellis, of the "Union Reform for Direct Legislation" party, found 90 scattered votes.

At the national prohibition headquarters it is estimated that the total vote in the nation would exceed 400,000. This estimate was based upon the receipt of about 400 telegrams received from 20 states. This is more than three times the vote cast for Levering in 1896.

John G. Woolley anticipates a vote approaching 500,000, basing his claims upon the country precincts which are yet to report. Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, New York and Pennsylvania are thought to have polled a prohibition vote fully four times as large as in 1896. Illinois is estimated at nearly three times the vote of 1896, or 27,000.

NEBRASKA IS REPUBLICAN.

McKinley Will Have a Plurality of Over Six Thousand.

Omaha, Neb., Nov. 9.—Almost complete returns give McKinley a plurality in Nebraska of over 6,000. The republican state ticket is elected by from 1,500 to 2,000. The republicans elect congressmen in the First and Second, and the fusionists in the Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth districts. The legislature, the returns on which are not yet completed, will probably stand:

Senate—Republicans, 16; fusionists, 16; vacant, 1. House—Republicans, 51; fusionists, 49.

REFUSE TO ALTER CLAIMS.

Both Sides in Kentucky Continue to Claim the Election.

Louisville, Ky., Nov. 9.—Democratic and republican headquarters here are practically deserted. Those of the party leaders still in the city refuse to alter their claims, the democrats placing Beckham's plurality close to 5,000 and their republicans pinning their faith on the official count, which begins in each county to-day. This official count, the republicans assert, will bring to the front hundreds of ballots not yet reported. The unreported vote of Casey county, which is practically conceded to the republicans, and one missing precinct in Metcalf county, claimed by the republicans by 53 plurality, are expected by headquarters clerks to-day, but they can have no effect on the result.

Briefly, the democrats say their candidate for governor stands elected. The republicans say if their candidate, Mr. Yerkes, is beaten, it was done by unfair means.

A SERIOUS OVERSIGHT.

A County Clerk's Neglect Complicates Things at Lexington, Ky.

Lexington, Ky., Nov. 9.—The canvassing of the returns of Tuesday's election is likely to cause trouble in various ways. The county clerk neglected to furnish to election officers duplicate forms for certifying the results. This happens that in several precincts the only official certificate of the vote is locked up in the ballot boxes, which, under the law, can not be opened for six months. It is possible the whole vote of the county may be affected. A mandamus has been granted directing the opening of one of the boxes. The board of election commissioners meets to canvass the vote to-day.

DENIED BY DON DICKINSON.

He Repudiates an Alleged Interview in a New York Paper.

Detroit, Mich., Nov. 10.—Don M. Dickinson, of this city, postmaster general under President Cleveland, denies an alleged interview with him that appeared in a New York paper, in which he was made to say that plans had been decided upon, at a meeting in New York, for the reorganization of the democratic party. Asked if he knew whether such a meeting had been held in New York, Mr. Dickinson said: "I decline to make any statement. I am not engaged in promoting any movement for the reorganization of the party. If a meeting is called, I presume I shall be invited."

THE PLURALITIES.

The Pluralities in All the States on the Presidential Vote.

St. Louis, Nov. 10.—From the unofficial returns received from all the states the following pluralities on the national tickets is compiled:

States.	McKinley.	Bryan.
Alabama	70,000	20,000
Arkansas	40,000	10,000
California	40,000	10,000
Colorado	30,000	10,000
Connecticut	40,000	10,000
Delaware	4,000	1,000
Florida	20,000	10,000
Georgia	40,000	10,000
Idaho	1,500	1,000
Illinois	27,000	10,000
Indiana	110,000	20,000
Iowa	110,000	20,000
Kansas	25,000	10,000
Kentucky	40,000	10,000
Louisiana	40,000	10,000
Maine	25,000	10,000
Massachusetts	80,000	10,000
Michigan	90,000	10,000

Minnesota	50,000	10,000
Mississippi	40,000	10,000
Missouri	20,000	10,000
Montana	5,000	1,000
Nebraska	5,000	1,000
Nevada	40,000	10,000
New Hampshire	20,000	10,000
New Jersey	140,000	10,000
North Carolina	10,000	10,000
North Dakota	10,000	10,000
Ohio	10,000	10,000
Oregon	20,000	10,000
Pennsylvania	150,000	10,000
Rhode Island	10,000	10,000
South Carolina	10,000	10,000
South Dakota	10,000	10,000
Tennessee	10,000	10,000
Texas	10,000	10,000
Utah	10,000	10,000
Vermont	10,000	10,000
Virginia	10,000	10,000
Washington	10,000	10,000
West Virginia	10,000	10,000
Wisconsin	10,000	10,000
Wyoming	10,000	10,000
Total	1,385,398	615,000
Plurality for McKinley	750,398	
Plurality for Bryan	601,854	

McKINLEY'S OHIO PLURALITY.

Complete Unofficial Returns Make It Over Seventy-One Thousand.

Columbus, O., Nov. 9.—Chairman Dick of the republican state executive committee announces that McKinley's plurality in Ohio, as figured from the complete returns from every precinct in the state, as reported to the republican committee, is 71,162. There will be no change from these figures until the official count of the vote of the state has been completed.

KANSAS' SOLID DELEGATION.

If Wheatley Is Elected as Claimed All Will Be Republican.

Topeka, Kan., Nov. 10.—Republicans now claim the election of C. W. Wheatley to congress from the Third district by a plurality of ten, without the vote of the soldiers now serving in the Philippines, which they say will be largely for him.

This gives the republicans a solid delegation in congress, as follows: At Large—Charles F. Scott. First District—Charles Curtis, re-elected. Second—J. D. Bowersock, re-elected. Third—G. W. Wheatley, elected. Fourth—M. Miller, re-elected. Fifth—W. A. Calderhead, re-elected. Sixth—W. A. Reeder, re-elected. Seventh—Chester I. Long, re-elected.

McKinley to Bryan.

Washington, Nov. 10.—President McKinley yesterday answered Mr. Bryan's message of congratulation in the following dispatch:

"Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., Nov. 9. "Hon. William J. Bryan, Lincoln, Neb.: Your message of congratulation and extend my good wishes."

"WILLIAM McKINLEY."

Mr. Bryan's message to the president reached Canton after Mr. McKinley had started for Washington and was forwarded to him here.

Bryan Will Make a Statement.

Lincoln, Neb., Nov. 10.—Mr. Bryan is in receipt of many requests for a statement concerning his future plans and his attitude on public questions in view of Tuesday's result. He intended yesterday that he would, before long, enlighten the public fully, but for the present he has private matters which demand his attention.

Mr. Bryan said that he might not accept of Col. Wetmore of St. Louis, on his hunting trip in the Ozark mountains. His health is good and he does not feel the need of such a trip. He said he had been in Lincoln so much recently that he found his own home afforded him the best opportunity for rest.

Washington Divides the Honors.

Seattle, Wash., Nov. 9.—Under the method of the caucus for electing the official count in this state, the popular vote will not be known before Monday. The majorities reported from the counties up to 2 p. m. show the following majorities for the state: McKinley, 9,788; Rogers, (dem.), for governor, 1,788. These figures will be changed but little in final reports.

In the legislature the republicans have 75 members out of a total number of 112.

A HEARTY WELCOME HOME.

Gov.-Elect Yates of Illinois Given an Ovation—All Parties United to Do Him Honor.

Jacksonville, Ill., Nov. 10.—From the thousands of people who thronged the streets, Gov.-elect Yates should feel well satisfied that his fellow-townsmen love him and rejoice in his success. A grand ovation was planned for him, and the citizens generally, irrespective of party, turned out and paraded the streets, first going to the depot to welcome the governor-elect. When he reached the city, at 7:30 o'clock, whistles screamed and bells rang, and he was borne bodily to his carriage.

As the procession started, cannon boomed and the enthusiasm of the people broke forth. Houses and stores were splendidly illuminated and no pains were spared to make the occasion a brilliant one.

Cheering crowds lined the streets and followed the cavalcade to the great circus tent where Judge Yates entered amid a storm of applause. Several times he tried to speak, but each time cheer after cheer drowned his voice. This was continued for some time, until, from sheer exhaustion, the vast throng quieted, and then the judge said:

"During the past 65 days I have visited 95 counties and attended 229 rallies, where I have heard 229 bands, but the music of none has been so sweet as that of the juvenile band here at home. I have seen at least 129 processions, but none has been as fine and attractive as the one composed of the marching clubs of dear old Morgan county. I have heard at least 229 audiences cheer, but in all the campaign I have not enjoyed any cheers as I have enjoyed those which I hear to-night. I appreciate your affection and esteem more than I can tell."

The audience was so enthusiastic that it was difficult for the speaker to proceed, and the governor-elect gave way to Dr. Wiley, of Franklin, a democratic precinct. He said:

"A contest has been held to decide the most popular candidate for governor, and it was decided in favor of Judge Yates."

A fine silk flag had been awarded Judge Yates by the people of Dr. Wiley's precinct, and the banner was turned over to him.

FOUR PERSONS PERISHED.

Three Others Fatally Injured and Seven Badly Hurt in a Hotel Fire at Poplar Bluff, Mo.

THE GIFFORD HOUSE WAS DESTROYED.

The Missing Guest—say he Dead in the Ruins—An Unknown Woman Believed to Have Been Fatally Injured—There Were Many Hairbreadth Escapes.

Poplar Bluff, Mo., Nov. 13.—Four lives are known to have been lost, three persons fatally injured and seven badly hurt in the burning of the Hotel Gifford, a large three-story frame building, in this city.

The Known Dead.

Hick Clark, Doniphan, Mo.; Rebecca Owens, Poplar Bluff; Shelby Dehort, Poplar Bluff; Curley Berry, Poplar Bluff.

Fatally Injured.

Etta Hargrove, Poplar Bluff; Winslow Stowe, Tennessee.

Missing.

Eugene Dalton, Hot Springs, Ark. Badly Injured.

T. A. Smith, Poplar Bluff; burned about hands and face. Barney Ferdinand, De Soto, Mo.; hands and face burned. Charles Sturdy, Poplar Bluff; bruised and burned.

Mrs. Benjamin Shelby, Poplar Bluff; back injured; bruised and burned. Pink Berry, Poplar Bluff; severely burned. Elmer Freshour, Poplar Bluff; severely burned. James Gushard, Poplar Bluff; severely burned.

Besides the names given an unknown woman is thought to be fatally injured and about a dozen more were slightly burned or received bruises in trying to escape from the building.

Eugene Dalton, who is missing, may be in the ruins.

The fire originated about 12:30 a. m., in the rear of the hotel and in a few minutes the building, which was entirely of wood, was a mass of flames.

There were in the neighborhood of forty-five guests in the building, and the porter